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## Notes of the Week

Lord Grey's death, tragic in the failure of a last struggle against the last enemy, takes away a Gladstonian figure—the Liberal great gentleman, urged to the service of the State by the strong sense of duty, drawn to the life of the English countryside by the strong inclinations of a natural taste. Almost a great statesman, a Foreign Minister whose record reveals the poverty of his successors, a man of human understanding and cultivated charm, sportsman, naturalist, lover and protector of birds, man of letters, Edward Grey carried on and enriched the Whig tradition. When he spoke as England, he was heard with respect. When he felt as England, he did not confuse sentiment with sentimentality.

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Tuesday's Cabinet meeting was the big noise of the week and its unusual summons has been a godsend to the mongers of gossip. Canada, Russia, the imperious Mr. Bennett, the Shaitan Rug of Ottawa, and the timber trade—Unemployment with a Bill due early in November and not yet in draft—Iraq, the useful Assyrians who really must not be assassinated in any further quantities, the Iraqis and King Feisal, who must be made to behave like perfect little gentlemen both in Iraq and at Geneva—Disarmament, Mr. Norman Davies, the British plan, Hitlerism and the restive pessimism of the Little Entente and Poland—all these have been "featured" as the business of the Cabinet. Even that uneasy giant of the Cunard line, even the social duties of the Prime Minister have served the gossips. But there is real urgency in none

### Cabinets and Cantrips

of these things, and the Cabinet may really have been summoned to discuss the St. Leger.

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The murder of a brave man at Midnapore might give pause to the champions of the White Paper, if they were not the real fanatics of the Indian situation. But, so long as Mr. Baldwin will take the responsibility, the lives of devoted Englishmen, risked and sacrificed in the path of duty, may seem of small account. Another reckoning and another shindy may come when the Conservative Associations meet at Birmingham in four weeks. But no effect will be produced unless the terms of a resolution can go beyond the decision of the Central Council to wait and see. While the fight at East Fulham is on the way, why not raise the real meaning of Mr. Baldwin's pledge to consult the party? Was it real or merely "clever"?

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The T.U.C. Council, with the pompous egoism of the semi-educated and semi-responsible, has demanded "a determined boycott if, and when, war should be declared." According to a resolution moved by a Brussels Delegate it proposes to advocate the use of the general strike as a weapon not when war has been declared but at the specific moment when the aggressor "has been identified and determined." The world had better look out. The T.U.C. Council is not yet quite certain in its own mind how and when it will dragoon the nations of the earth, but it is, at any rate, prepared to call a special conference of Trades Unions before the end of the year "in view of the position of affairs of the world."

### T.U.C. Tommyrot

Now we know what this means. There will be resolution and counter-resolution. There will be argument and oratory. The capitalists will be blamed for a lot. And the British Empire will be blamed for most things. We may be quite certain that when it comes to determining who is the aggressor country, this nation, the first to disarm, the only one to keep its pledges, will win the prize. We shall be awarded the gaol sentence.

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But meanwhile, during the brief breathing space between now and the end of the year, in which the British Empire may still call its soul its own, we would respectfully and humbly draw the attention of the T.U.C. Council to the fact that this jingoistic, juggernaut, flag-wagging nation of Imperial sword rattlers, although the world's largest landowner, is still fifth in air power, second in sea power and something like tenth in military strength. We have disarmed and disarmed until almost we are armless altogether. But Russia, we would remind the T.U.C. Council, is arming and drilling all the time. No one knows the true total of her aircraft nor the full strength of her armies. The full evil of her international propaganda is perhaps better known to the T.U.C. Council than to ourselves. But if and when the T.U.C. Council, with its intimate and personal knowledge of world affairs, its high traditions of statesmanship, pronounces its fell and final judgment on "the aggressor" we humbly trust that these facts will be taken in due consideration. And if not, as Mr. Mencken might sagely remark, who cares a row of ashcans?

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Something definite has, for many of us, belonged to this week. An experience, an experiment, a revival, a rite, a hope, an enjoyment, an ecstasy, a satisfaction, a lust of the flesh not singularly sinful, a celebration and a beginning—the first oyster. It was probably also in some sort a disappointment, because cooler weather suits better the health of oysters and because the "r" has only just come to the month. But the thrill is there, and it is independent of the perfect and perfectly cold Rhine wine which blends its flavour so admirably with that of the oyster, having the secret of affinity which none can define. Except your poet, and he, like lesser folk, is too busied with his oyster.

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The unveiling of a memorial to Lewis Carroll at Llandudno bears witness to the immortality of Alice. It was there that in the course of rambles with Dean Liddell's daughter he was inspired to write "Alice in Wonderland." Nonsense literature is appreciated by no other

nation than our own. We have an intense enjoyment of sound quite apart from sense that is peculiarly our own, and the fascination that such a poet as Swinburne exercises on youth has very little connection with the meaning of his rolling lines. In fact, we live more in "Wonderland" than any other people. Now Wonderland must not be entirely nonsensical: it has its own laws and logic, and it was Lewis Carroll's gift to express that other world which is so close to us in its true terms of quaint contradiction and fantastic common sense. Mr. Lloyd George was certainly right in his insistence on the logic of Carroll's nonsense. To the author of "Alice in Wonderland" politics were usually illogical nonsense, and it is quite in accordance with Wonderland principle that his memory should be commemorated by an arch-politician.

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### The Envoy

In quest of an abiding lease  
For that elusive shadow—Peace,  
Eager on Kobe's shore to land,  
Lord Marley finds himself—Japped!

What, shall his toil be wasted? No!  
To other regions let him go.  
Are there no Bolshies to be coaxed,  
No Nazis, haply, to be hoaxed?

But what if these refuse to hear,  
And those receive him with a sneer?  
Why—let him blow his peaceful tuba  
Upon the hopeful soil of Cuba!

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Among "The Post Victorians," reviewed in another column, we naturally find Lord Northcliffe, of whom Mr. Blumenfeld gives an intimate, knowledgeable and friendly account. Many lives, good, bad and indifferent, of that remarkable man have been written, but most of them are from the outside and therefore superficial. Mr. Blumenfeld writes of what he knows, and does not attempt to go beyond that boundary. His brief biography, therefore, is the best hitherto written of Alfred Harmsworth while he was "finding himself." By 1908 he had made all the money he needed for his purpose—he never collected money for the sake of having it, as others do—and his purpose was, to acquire a controlling interest in *The Times*. Just 25 years ago he was successful in this ambition.

Mr. Blumenfeld merely says that this was "a bad stroke of business. He did not understand *The Times* and *The Times* did not understand him. He was unhappy there, and he made a mess of *The Thunderer*." Is this the whole story? Harmsworth must indeed have been a fish out of

**With an  
R.  
in it**

**Logical  
Nonsense**

water on the banks of Printing House Square. But, as was wittily said at the time, "either *The Times* will kill Northcliffe, or Northcliffe will kill *The Times*." His connection with the paper lasted for 14 years, and the latter half of the prophesy obviously did not come true. *Si monumentum*, etc. But the history of those 14 years will never be written, unless one of the three editors of the Northcliffeite period should so far break with tradition as to write his memoirs.

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It is not in the habit of men to catch whales, true whales, on rod and line. Even in the Fly-fishers Club they do not tell tales of such calibre. Yet it has happened. Only last week to be exact. On three different occasions tunny fishers, casting their patient herring off the coast of Scarborough, hooked "blower" whales. Imagine the feelings of the angler who casts his herring into the heart of the North Sea and finds, in one stupendous, cataclysmic moment, that he has hooked five tons of indignant whale. Picture for an instance his thoughts when a mountain of flesh, a sort of marine, aristocratic gossip-writer, rises, obese and threatening from the face of the ocean, spouting to heaven its fluid anger.

This, let it be noted, has happened not once but thrice. It is a warning to all would-be tunny fishers. There are more terrors in the prosaic waters of our home seas than are dreamt of in Mr. Hardy's philosophy.

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The story has not yet penetrated to Fleet Street. Our special correspondent has not yet interviewed the whale. But we can vouch for its truth since we have it on the word and authority of one whose reputation as a big-game fisher is beyond cavil. So far the story is funny. But imagine, if you will, the feelings of the first of the trio who, when the whale departed at top speed, towing the boat like a matchbox, discovered he had no knife with which to cut the line. When the whale finally dived it almost swamped the boat. Fortunately the line parted as the bows were going under.

So intending tunny fishers will be well-advised to include a pocket knife in their equipment. Apparently an even greater menace at the present moment is the presence in the North Sea of at least two, if not three killer whales. The killer, it should be noted, has the unpleasant faculty of possessing sufficient brain power to be able to decide who and what is the attacker and to attack back on sight. Consequently, if you hook him, he smashes up your boat and almost certainly drowns you into the bargain. Luckily the chances of hooking a killer are remote.

This point of the ferocity of the killer whale raises an interesting question. We should value the opinions of our readers upon it.

### Which Animal is Worst?

Which is the most dangerous animal in the world? Here is a subject open to every opinion and every argument. Mr. Fraser of the Fishery Department of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and others who should know, think the killer whale as dangerous as any other animal. The killer will attack and smash a boat with its tail, seize the occupants while they are swimming and swallow them. One example captured off the Aleutian Islands was found to contain the bodies of no less than sixteen Weddell Sea seals. The killer runs up to fifteen tons in weight and attacks at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. Mr. Kaye Don might find him even more dangerous than Commodore Gar Wood.

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So much for the sea. On land both Selous and Stigand put the lion first. That great hunter, Sir Samuel Baker, considers a rogue elephant the worst thing on four legs. Neumann agrees. Sir Frederick Jackson, Finaughty, Judd, Commander Blunt and many others unhesitatingly plump for the bush buffalo. While Drummond puts the rhino first on the danger list. The latter is an interesting choice, for the rhino is the only large land animal which does not invariably bolt on scenting the hunter. The rhino will usually charge on sight and as he cannot see far he generally continues charging long after he has lost sight of him. No one, so far as we know, has chosen the ratel. This Indian badger attacks on sight, rips up his enemy and kills a man in a few minutes. It is small but highly efficient.

Among snakes probably the most deliberately vicious is the black mamba. He attacks on sight without provocation, whereas the puff adder, the cobra, the krait and others, although dangerous to a degree, seldom attack without reason. As a speculative exercise the subject is potent with argument and possibility. And not least among its attractions is the fact that not one in a thousand of us will ever encounter one of these beasts in a natural state.

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The Sudan has a great deal for which to thank Britain. Last year's cotton crop was the largest ever recorded, and it was sold very well and comparatively easily. This was largely due to the research work of our biologists, who have developed types of cotton particularly resistant to the diseases such as leaf curl, which in the past have done great damage to the Sudan crops. Next year's crops will probably be better still: a

### Cotton and Science



new type of cotton is being grown, the growth cycle of which is much more suited to the climatic changes than the Egyptian cottons, which have been grown hitherto. It is, of course, very doubtful whether these developments would continue if the Egyptians obtained control of the Sudan. They would scarcely encourage competition with their own crops.

Mr. Vivian Carter, who described himself as "a 100 per cent. Aryan," writes to the *Daily Express*:

#### Hitler and the Jews

Are our Jews suffering from an inferiority complex, or don't they know what to tell Hitler when he says such things as that "the Jewish race is without productive and artistic capacity of its own"?

Here are some answers to him: The laws of Moses, the Psalms of David, the Proverbs of Solomon, the Books of the Prophets, the Sermon on the Mount, the Epistles of Saint Paul, the philosophy of Spinoza, the music of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and Offenbach, the poetry of Heine, the drama of Lessing, the literature and statesmanship of Disraeli (father and son), the cosmic science of Einstein, the stagecraft of Reinhardt. One could add to the list many times; but for a small race, in numbers, is there any that can beat the Jews on these points alone?

In spite of Prof. Picard's ascents into the stratosphere, very little is known about condition high up in the atmosphere. There are three sources of information: meteorites, wireless echoes and the very faint, luminous night clouds, sometimes seen in Norway. Several scientific papers have recently been published on these. It appears that they resemble cirrus clouds, but have a shining, blue-white, silvery colour. They are usually at a height of about 50 miles and move with a speed of one or two hundred miles an hour. Ideal conditions for high speed flying, evidently, but no aeroplane could get up so high.

#### Up Aloft

The "British Week" which is being celebrated these days in Finland is one of those international affairs which are far more likely to promote friendship between nations than many a windy Conference Committee or jamboree at Geneva.

#### Finland

With all the countries of Northern Europe we English are closely allied, but hitherto we have had with Finland perhaps less intimate personal relations than with her immediate neighbours. If the welcome given to many of our leading business men this week may be taken as evidence, Finland is ready to make a commercial agreement which will be of great mutual advantage. Already, we learn, arrangements are well forward with a

view to the introduction of more British motor cars into Helsingfors, and to the consequent development of Finnish trade.

During this very beautiful summer we have been blessed with an unusual number of really fine sunsets. For these we are probably indebted to the South American eruptions of last year which projected into the atmosphere gigantic quantities of finely divided volcanic dust. By now this has been distributed over the whole surface of the globe and by its presence in the air it helps to disperse the light of the sun and to produce the brilliantly red effects which everybody admires. Tyndall had a very beautiful experiment to illustrate the physics of the phenomenon. The closest parallel to the sunsets of this year are probably those produced by the great Krakatoan explosion of 1888.

#### Volcanic Sunsets

Even microbes change their habits, sometimes more quickly than man. In 1851 thirteen thousand children died of scarlet fever; in 1931 only five hundred and forty. This is without any doubt due to a diminution in the severity of the disease; and this, in turn, may be due to acquired immunity or to a real change in the bacteria themselves. Measles, on the other hand, are gradually increasing in severity.

#### The Variable Microbe

In any case, scarlet fever is an annoying disease which breaks all the rules of the game. Thus, hospital isolation appears ineffective, in Glasgow overcrowding and slums diminish the number of cases, while in London wet weather accomplishes the same beneficial effect. On the other hand, in other towns the converse is true. What are our poor Public Health Officers to advise?

#### Our Colonial Secretary

Sir Philip had the greatest chance  
Of any living politician  
Our wealth and exports to enhance,  
To gain for us a strong position  
By abrogating treaties which  
Have barred our progress, tied our hands,  
Chased us from a cosy niche,  
Mere suppliants in foreign lands.

Our colonies, both large and small,  
Of which we should be justly proud,  
Would answer to an Empire call  
If only they would be allowed,  
If only this unhappy man,  
Who says he's busily employed,  
Would get to work and make a plan.  
Let foreign nations be annoyed.

L. L.



# An Idyll of English Counties

By the Hon. R. P. de Grey

IT has often struck me how sharply the rural counties in the South of England are divided between the civilised and the primitives. Hampshire, Sussex, Gloucestershire, these are civilised: Norfolk, Wiltshire, Huntingdonshire, those are primitive. There are only one or two, like Berkshire and Essex, which, by reason of some peculiar geographical feature, seem to have a foot in both camps.

I like the primitives best. I do not claim for them that they are more beautiful. What could be more lovely than the vale of Gloucester, or Bibury, or Broadway, or the view down into Stockbridge, from the Basingstoke Road, or the view from the hill above Hurstbourne Tarrant, or Kipling's Sussex in the evening? Nothing, to my mind; yet all these give a definite sense of having been carefully laid out by someone with time to spare. But the primitives are not so. They seem to take their form and character from the action of some primeval force. Man, among them, is an incident and not a master. A farm carved from a Norfolk heath or a Wiltshire down seems, not a right won by man's achievement, but a concession wrung from an unyielding nature. Therefore I like the primitives best. And if you love English Counties, if you study them, and count them, and dream of them, as I do, do not overlook Wiltshire.

You have only to say "Wiltshire," and the ignorant will answer in a flash "Oh, yes—Salisbury Plain—very bare," just as if you say "Norfolk," they will reply "Oh, yes—the Broads—very flat." I am very fond of Salisbury Plain: there's a kind of glad grandeur about it. But Wiltshire is not all Salisbury Plain. Get south and west of Salisbury, for instance, and prove it.

I think I love best of all the Chalke Valley, with the little stream of Ebble winding through. Here are the primitives, indeed. Even their names are full of the laziness of hot sunlight: Coombe Bissett, Stratford Tony, Stoke Farthing, Broad Chalke, Bower Chalke, Fifield Bavant, Ebbesbourne Wake (it never does): were ever hamlets named more lovingly? One name would serve, but these have gathered two, symbols of some old tenure or tradition.

So wisely planned they were, too. The main road down the valley winds and turns, and broadens and narrows, and is pleasant in itself. But the villages avoid it. They lie secluded to one side, approached by little twisting lanes, where the cottages of biscuit-coloured stone, with roofs of thatch, cluster and straggle among the meadows and along the river: or else, as at Bower Chalke, a minor road goes wandering on in search of them, and finds them, and makes a loop, turns back upon itself, ceases and is content. The low green downs stand over them as ramparts of divine protection, setting one's heart in tune with

the Psalmist who sang of the "hills standing round about Jerusalem" and of "the cattle upon a thousand hills." For the cattle are there, and the sheep, browsing idly on the slope; and the trees above are shaken with the wind, but it does not reach the valley.

To see the whole range of all this beauty you must climb to the top of the down—go, for choice, in the time of harvest. It is not far to climb: but, once there, lo, you are on the very roof of Wessex! The hills roll down this way and that with a sort of jumbled, childish glee, peeping round one another's shoulders to look into the valley, to see whether the Major's sheep have broken out again, and what John Combes is doing in his garden.

All among them is a gorgeous chequer-board of green and brown and gold, white chalk and yellow charlock, a crazy, criss-cross galaxy of corn and clover and furrows, symbols of English faith and English sweat, and the untiring service of our people.

And in the midst nestle their English homes. Straight below our feet, Broad Chalke is clustered round a square grey tower, one of the finest village churches I have ever been in—and there to the right is Bishopstone, straggling contentedly; such a lot of old thatch on roofs and walls: the thatched wall is a peculiar charm of Wiltshire places. Far and blue in the distance, between two slopes of down, the tapering spire of Salisbury keeps ward over its diocese: while westward, in a cluster of feathery trees, Bower Chalke, most fitly named of places, is embowered indeed. And there are woods and avenues, and a tangled maze of hedges-rows, and the sunlight on them all.

This is the real England; an England too strong for the American film, and the cheap press, and the bottle party and the bungalow.

There is nothing to touch it. You may say it is not spectacular. Nor is it. Our sense of beauty is of simple things compounded. We are as Eldred the Franklin in Chesterton's immortal ballad, Eldred terrible in his wrath of battle:

But while he moved like a massacre  
He murmured as in sleep,  
And his words were all of low hedges  
And little fields and sheep.

Even as he strode like a pestilence,  
That strides from Rhine to Rome,  
He thought how tall his beans might be  
If ever he went home.

The Englishman's Paradise is full of small, accessible things; and this beauty of England, finding its apogee in the straightness and fragrance of a new-turned furrow, is scattered in lavish fashion over the little vale of Chalke. England holds a hundred such valleys, a thousand such villages and hamlets, range upon range of low green hills: and while they stand, She stands, and there is hope.

# An Economic Policy

By Guy M. Kindersley

**T**HE World Economic Conference failed mainly because it was an attempt to solve to-day's problems in the terms of the economics of last century, which rose out of, and were applicable to, conditions which no longer obtain. The failure marks the end of an epoch.

The economic system of last century was framed to meet a comparatively simple set of circumstances. A few countries, and England in particular, were industrially highly developed. The rest of the world was industrially underdeveloped. This country prospered exceedingly by exchanging its industrial products for the food and raw materials of the less developed countries, and lending its surplus profits to open up their territories. Banking, insurance, shipping, brokerages, and the interest on these loans—our so-called invisible exports—were the natural results of these other activities. The last stage was reached when we supplied the machinery to the world to make for themselves the goods which they used to buy from us.

From that moment the system of international trade as we know it was doomed, and the Great War, with its enormous increase in industrial plant, gave it the *coup de grâce*. The end of the war found our markets restricted, and owing to the supreme folly of our statesmanship, certain of them like India, where we had a natural right of preference, have been deliberately thrown away. Meanwhile, owing to the neglect of our agriculture, our demands on the world for food stuffs had not diminished, while our open market was the dumping ground of the surplus industrial production of countries who used to be our customers. For a time our invisible exports concealed the true situation from the country, but when these began to shrink an adverse balance of trade in 1931 disclosed the position in all its nakedness. Since then defaults on our Foreign investments have rendered the situation not better but worse.

Banking and shipping interests naturally look back to the halcyon days of international trade and now preach international economic dependence as a sort of gospel of world salvation, when as a matter of fact it was never more than a product of a set of conditions which are passing away. Economic self sufficiency has been rendered not less but more possible by the progress of science. Water power for the generation of electric power in Italy has taken the place of coal imported from this country, the scientific regulation of heat and humidity enables Lancashire's staple products to be produced in any climate, nitrate from Chile can be superceded by the artificially produced product, oil can be produced from coal, artificial silk has taken the place to a large extent of the natural product, agricultural production can be largely increased by scientific farming, to quote only a few instances, and in time international trade may be almost confined to luxuries like the ivory, apes and peacocks of King Solomon's day.

The unfortunate fact for this country is that we built up a population out of all proportion to our natural resources in food and raw materials on a set of conditions which are passing. Fortunately, we have certain undeveloped assets, which, if energetically preserved and exploited, may enable us to face the future with equanimity. The first of these is our home market. The second is our agriculture. The third is our Empire.

We are at last, rather hesitatingly, beginning to reserve the Home market for the employment of our own people. The hesitation arises from a conflict of interest between those who still draw interest from money invested abroad, and those who are interested in productive industry at home, which is the source of employment. The argument of the former class is that the Foreigner can only pay his interest and repay the capital he has borrowed if he is allowed to send us his goods, the argument of the latter is that if those goods are allowed to come in at prices with which the home manufacturer cannot compete, owing to the higher cost of production here, he cannot give employment. The dilemma is a very real one for a creditor country, and particularly difficult of solution for us, to whom the maintenance of our invisible exports is essential to a balanced national trade.

As long as the Foreigner was paying us interest on our investments abroad, we were under the necessity of taking his goods, and the system of free imports could be justified; but what we cannot afford is to forego the interest on our foreign investments, as we are doing to an increasing extent, and still allow the Home market to be exploited by the Foreigner. There are, again, certain countries such as Denmark, whose balance of trade with this country is heavily in their favour and to whom we have lent comparatively little. From such a country imports might be heavily curtailed by Tariffs Quota or prohibition in favour of the home producer first, and then of the Empire producer, without prejudicing the investor in its securities. In the Argentine, on the other hand, English Capital is heavily involved and in framing our fiscal policy that factor cannot be ignored. But if in making plans to preserve the home market the interests of the rentier have to be sacrificed to some extent, it must be remembered that in most cases he is an income tax payer and also interested directly, or as a shareholder, in the prosperity of home industry and commerce.

The steps now being taken by the Government to assist agriculture must be given a fair trial. In the present glutted state of the world's markets for agricultural products it is probably true that Tariffs by themselves are not a complete remedy, and to resort to the quota system and in some cases to prohibition, may be necessary. But the main point is that there should be a whole-hearted

determination to restore the prosperity of the country-side by whatever steps are necessary. The result of doing so will mean a direct absorption of labour by Agriculture, and a further absorption of labour by industry which will benefit by the increased purchasing power of the Agricultural community.

The development of the Empire as an economic unit and the preservation of the Dominion and Colonial markets for the products of the members of the Empire family is the great task awaiting

Imperial Statesmanship. A beginning has been made at Ottawa, but here again it is wholehearted acceptance of the principle which is needed if real progress is to be made. Well planned and large scale schemes for the settlement of our people in the overseas Empire are long overdue, and it is pitiful to think of the hundreds of millions which have been spent in keeping our unemployed in idleness which, with a little drive, imagination and organising capacity, could have been employed in this direction.

## The Prison Population : A Case for Enquiry

By The Rev. Gordon Lang

**T**O those who can read them the annual prison statistics, which, as statistics, are among the most complete and satisfying in the world, always give an interesting commentary on social habits and tendencies. It is possible, with a little care, to find out a great deal about the incidence of crime and also concerning the characteristics of those who perpetuate crime.

It is not, however, these interesting problems to which I desire just now to draw attention, but something more serious even than these; something which it is hoped will cause a good many people furiously to think and some, perhaps, to think furiously.

Incredible as it seems, it is none the less a sober fact, that of the fifty-three thousand men and nearly seven thousand women who constituted the receptions—ironic word—into prison, last year, over half the number had committed no serious crime and most of these had committed no crime at all. They went to gaol through poverty, because they were too poor to pay their fines, too poor to pay their debts or court orders or too poor to provide bail while awaiting trial.

The statistics to which I have referred above record that more than 9,000 men and just 2,500 women were committed to prison in default of payment of fines imposed. Of these no less than 500 were young persons under the age of twenty-one and many of them mere lads. Let me quote one case which came to my notice when I was visiting Wormwood Scrubs on one occasion. A London boy had managed to buy for a song, a motor cycle in running order, and allowed a pal to ride it up the street. As this pal had no licence he was prosecuted and fined. On leaving the court, he was knocked down by a motor car and sustained a broken leg. Immediately he was discharged from hospital he was arrested for non-payment of the fine and marched to prison.

Prison governors are loudest in their protest at this sort of thing. "Surely," said the governor of one of the largest prisons in the country to me recently, "surely if it must be taken out of these lads there is some other way of doing so than by sending them here. This is the very last place to which any boy should be sent." Again and again the Prison Commissioners have drawn

attention to the danger of this proceeding, but it goes on. Surely the Christian Church is concerned about these youngsters. I believe that the Church, through its ministers and its Unions and Assemblies, could exert a far greater pressure on public opinion than the prison authorities seem able to do. The incredible folly of the whole business was well shown to me in one gaol where it was proved that it actually costs four and five times the amount of the fine to keep these lads in gaol for a few days. Moreover, it must be borne in mind, and prison officers are the first to admit the possibility, that there is a danger of these young people coming into contact with older and more vicious prisoners, though every effort is made to segregate them.

If the magistrates who sign the warrants committing these youngsters to gaol could only see them there, they might refuse to sign any more. Why not arrange—as some enlightened police chiefs do—to collect fines in small instalments when the offender is in work, or, why not give him some productive home task? Better to let him sew mail bags at home than in gaol—and cheaper too. The sensitive lad never recovers from the shock of having been a gaol bird. On the other hand the more adventurous boy may regard five days in prison as a lark and the dread of it is gone.

The Lord Chancellor has earned the gratitude of us all by his decision to set up a Committee to enquire into the question of imprisonment for debt. Last year 13,000 persons were landed in gaol through failure to pay monies ordered by civil courts to be paid. It cannot be too often pointed out that in a great many of these cases no evidence of means to pay is needed at all. It is a most depressing sight to go to Brixton where hundreds of men are imprisoned under these orders.

The case I wish to quote in this connection is one which is vouched for by the Chaplain of Holloway prison and which was actually investigated by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. The woman concerned was the wife of a man who had been in the employment of one firm for fifty years. He lost his job through a change of proprietorship of the firm. His wife bought a little business with their savings, but unfortunately it



did not pay. She was arrested and thrown into prison for non-payment of the rates.

Finally, I should like to deal with the most serious revelation of all in these statistics, the fact that every year thousands of men and women, many of them totally innocent of any wrong at all—either criminal or civil—go to prison because they are too poor to find bail or, in a few cases, because bail is unreasonably refused. During the last three full years, nearly twenty thousand people who were committed to prison on remand, were subsequently found innocent and acquitted, or else dealt with otherwise than by sentence of imprisonment. The receptions for the last full year are 7,588 men and 1,299 women. Only a very few of these are charged with crimes so serious that even suspicion of guilt justifies their confinement as a protective measure. It is a denial of justice to imprison these thousands who are afterwards acquitted. They go to gaol because they are too poor to find bail or too ignorant to know the method of obtaining it.

Outside the Metropolitan area, such persons are invariably committed to the same prisons as hardened and convicted offenders. The horrors of "Black Maria" have been undergone by large numbers of perfectly innocent people whose very knowledge of their innocence has added anguish to the journey. In the towns, where there is no prison van, the position is even more aggravated, for a remanded person is usually handcuffed to a police officer and marched publicly through the town where everybody knows him. It is not sufficient compensation to tell that man later that he leaves the Court with no stain upon his

character. The taint of gaol is upon him and it is a leprosy which is never cleansed.

There is no compensation for false imprisonment in such a case and no redress for the cruel mental torture. Another man known to me found that his friends were never the same to him after he had been in prison, though he, too, was acquitted, and to-day he is in a mental hospital. There is in this matter more than a savour of disparity between rich and poor, for it is a fact well known to all who have much experience of the Courts, that far fewer people go to prison on remand who can afford the services of a solicitor to appeal for bail, than those who are too poor to obtain such legal aid. To the poor man or woman, unable to wipe out the experience by flight abroad or a change of residence or occupation, even a week or two in prison is a terrible thing. For whether the period be long or short, he is a gaol bird and for ever after becomes the object of curious looks and the subject of gossip and tittle-tattle.

Even in the case of conviction for some offence, society is nearly always harder than the judge. The civil debtor, once he has liquidated his liability, has nothing against him. The sentenced man is never allowed to discharge his debt to society. If any doubt this let them try, as I have done, to reinstate a convicted man or even endeavour to obtain a decent situation for an ex-Borstal boy.

The judge or magistrate may often be lenient, society never. "Seven days" says the magistrate.

"For ever" says society, and the leprosy of gaol is never cleansed.

## Pieces of China

By O. M. Green

**M**ANCHURIA'S exact relations with China have been the subject of much learned investigation and argument. The early Manchu Emperors certainly tried to keep it as their private preserve. But they could not check the penetration of Chinese settlers and culture, which dated from two or three centuries B.C. That tide, which during the years of freedom from civil war under Japanese ascendancy has raised Manchuria's Chinese population from 16 to 29 millions, has recently begun again to flow strongly. And the more Japan pacifies Manchuria the more the Chinese will come in, until, as has repeatedly happened in the past 4,000 years, they swamp their conquerors by sheer weight of numbers. It may take half a century, but time is nothing to China.

Whether there will be a monarchical revival, or a federation of autonomous states, only the future can show. Contrary to the popular delusion, the independentists of Manchukuo were not invented by Japan for her purpose, but are quietly using her for theirs. But what would have been the inevitable solution a century ago is less certain since China lost her old isolation and came under

world influences. One thing, however, is agreed by the most experienced observers, that ultimately Manchuria will go back to China.

Further south, the essential fact is that General Chiang Kai-shek never had any sympathy with the Communists. Shortly after Dr. Sun Yat-sen's death in 1925, he tried to turn the Russians out of Canton, but was outwitted by Borodin. The Nanking outrage of March 24, 1927, in which several foreigners were killed, was deliberately planned by the Russians to discredit Chiang abroad. Actually, it revolted the best Chinese Nationalists, already frightened by the Red domination, and enabled Chiang to turn upon the Communists, overthrow their Government at Hankow, expel the Russians and set up the Government at Nanking.

Just as he had warred upon the Reds, Chiang has recently been attacking the vicious monopoly of power by the Kuomintang, in which he is supported by the wiser Nationalists, with the result that Kuomintangism is much weakened in the Yangtze Valley and has fallen back upon its old stronghold, Canton, where, with a little luck, it

should not do much harm to the rest of China. For from time immemorial the Cantonese are a race apart.

Repeated disappointments must make one very cautious. But unquestionably the new realist policy announced by Nanking 14 months ago, of sticking to the Yangtze Valley, restoring order there and refusing to be drawn into further civil wars, is not mere "eye-wash." It has produced definite results, in considerable economies and general tightening of administration; the germs of it can be seen in the speeches and actions of Chiang and his associates for three years past; and it is in line with the only historical way of restoring order in China's recurrent periods of chaos, namely, to begin in one area, "make good" there, and move ahead into other districts as time and opportunity serve.

There are now four or five Chinas—Canton, head of the five Southern provinces; Szechuan in the West; Nanking and the Yangtze; North China,

containing several sub-divisions; and Manchuria. But China is so vast that a settled state in the Yangtze Valley alone, even with discord everywhere else, is a practical possibility, and it would mean an enormous gain for foreign trade.

Japan will not come south of the Great Wall, if she can help it: Manchuria alone has been expense enough. Always farsighted, she foresees the Chinese expansion in Manchuria, and, if she can get the Government there to stand firmly on its legs, she is prepared to go a long way in making concessions to it. Her attitude towards our Government is, "We are trying to help in the creation of a decent Government in the North: can't you do the same in the Centre?"

With full recognition of all the evils and disorders of China as a whole, there was never a time when an active constructive policy by Great Britain, in place of the mere buying off of trouble of the past six years, might avail for so much in China as now.

## The Mysteries of Weather

By J. A. Lauwerys

THE present very dry summer has once again drawn attention to the problems of weather prediction. If we had known six months ago that we were to enjoy a season of exceptional dryness and sun we could have made our plans accordingly. Some of us would have arranged different holidays, and farmers would have sown the crops and used the manuring systems appropriate to dry seasons.

But in England, where the weather varies so widely from day to day that we usually think of dry days and wet days rather than of dry seasons and wet seasons, such seasonal variations are slight in comparison to those experienced in many other countries. Thus, for instance, during the last fifty years the smallest rainfall of Great Britain has been only 23 per cent. below the normal value, while in the Punjab the defect has been as much as 58 per cent., two and a half times as great. And, of course, in an agricultural country the ensuing national disaster has much greater repercussions than here.

To the ordinary person it seems strange that, in spite of the striking successes of physical science and its remarkable achievements in the development of engineering technique, it should still find so much difficulty in predicting these wide variations. The reason is simple. In Physics one usually deals with an isolated system, an atom moving in a magnetic field or two colliding billiard balls and so on; and the behaviour of these is completely described by a small number of variables the connection between which is known. But in meteorology the total number of important variables is enormous: the amount of pack ice in the polar regions, the temperature of the oceans, the rate of growth of vegetation in tropical jungles, the activity of the sun, etc. And,

furthermore, the connection and importance of these is not understood or expressed by laws.

In other words, meteorology lacks a complete and comprehensive theory on which to base its predictions. It is owing to this fact that most people still have so little confidence in it, that so many Hindu and some British farmers prefer astrology and Old Moore's Almanac, and that weather reports are a fit subject for jokes in *Punch*.

Now, in the building up of a theory the meteorologist must begin by collecting and analysing facts. Here already the immensity of his task is apparent. Six years ago the Americans published a collection of World Weather records forming only a scanty network. But even then a preliminary survey of these would involve the calculation and analysis of four million coefficients.

Naturally, the examination of such large numbers of data requires the employment of statistics. Here the second difficulty arises. Statistical methods have improved enormously during the last twenty years, but even now they are not the sure and fool-proof instrument they will one day become.

In view of all this, must we put off for another fifty years all hope of certain prediction? By no means. Even the rough preliminary work already done has revealed certain relationships which can be used with considerable certainty.

First of all, it is known that certain districts move meteorologically in opposition to others. Thus, for example, high pressure near the Azores is usually accompanied by low pressure in Iceland. Again, there are districts which either move together with or follow others many miles away. This means that whole families of weather systems, cyclones and anticyclones, over wide areas like the

North Atlantic, Europe and the Eastern States of America may be considered as a single unit, the fluctuations of which can then be studied.

The largest of these systems is the so-called "Southern Fluctuation" of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. The importance of this particular oscillation is that there appears to exist a very high correlation between the winter and the following summer season, so that it becomes possible to predict probable drought in India some three or four months ahead. The prediction formulæ used will gradually improve, and ultimately the Indian farmer will be saved from ruin during drought by sowing millet and cotton, which survive when other plants die.

Secondly, in a few favoured districts the weather follows very exactly that of some other place. For instance, at Cape Town the weather is almost exactly that of New Year Island (south-east of South America) a year previously. This connection is probably due to the recently discovered ocean current called the Antarctic Convergence, which takes about a year to travel from Cape Horn to Cape Town.

Lastly, there is the method used in Sweden by

Wallén, who draws smoothed curves showing rainfall and the height of water. He then produces these curves for six months or a year ahead and bases his predictions on the lines thus obtained. This means that he assumes that the general weather fluctuation will *not* change *suddenly*, and his results justify his assumption.

It is obvious from all this that meteorologists are still a long way from the exact solution of their long range forecasting problem. There is no doubt that they will succeed in the end, but the total labour required will be tremendous. At present there is only one European research station dealing with this task: Dr. Baur's at Frankfurt, which the Prussian Government started four years ago.

Prof. Sir Gilbert Walker, C.S.I., who has for long been one of the most distinguished exponents of this fascinating branch of meteorology, has chosen "Seasonal Weather and its Prediction" as the title of his presidential address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association. His address is certain to be of great interest to all students of the subject which he adorns by his work and researches.

## A Logical Conclusion

By W. K. Conlon

**S**CIENTISTS are to-day the priests of a new religion: the teachers of those that rebel against old traditions and seek to provide us with a brave new world within the span of a single human life. To us simple men they show their power mainly in the provision ever of new conveniences, of more wonderful mechanical and labour saving devices.

For the moment let us put aside the doubt which has recently thrust itself uncomfortably into our minds whether the machine is ceasing to be our servant and is becoming our master, with all the implications that doubt brings in its train. Let us thank politely our friends the engineers for the many useful gifts they bring us for our greater ease and entertainment. But another group of scientists now occupies the centre of this stage. They are mathematicians and physicists as well. Gone are the days when mathematics were the intellectual occupation of men of independent means; when gentlemen in universities, honouring the toast "The Higher Mathematics" added the heartfelt prayer "May they never be of any practical use." To-day our physicists armed with esoteric mathematical learning claim to carry their methods of determining truth beyond the bounds of the physical world into those realms of speculative philosophy, hitherto the hunting ground of theologians and metaphysicians.

It was my fortune recently to make a journey in the company of a most distinguished scientist. The great man seemed affable and I cast around for a gambit which might tempt him to impart some fragment from his store of knowledge. A comment on the beauty of the scene induced the

oracle to speak and to my grief I heard that it was mere foolishness to speak of natural beauty since what was so described was no more than country in which man saw that he might find sustenance.

Step by step *deduction* travelled until we had determined that the universe held no conscious purpose, that the law of probability assured us beyond reasonable doubt that life such as we understand it could exist no otherwhere than on this little earth and that man, not made in the image of his maker, is yet the final product of a self constructing system. The evidence was stated and arranged: Life can exist only in a *minute* range of temperature, the quantity of water vapour, of carbon dioxide and I know not what besides must be exactly to its needs. This exact combination of conditions cannot reasonably be supposed to exist anywhere else than on this earth. The game was interesting: I ventured to try my 'prentice hand. "Pursue *deduction* to its end," I cried. "Since all experience teaches us that the abnormal is pathological, we reach the glorious conclusion that mankind is an unpleasant skin disease afflicting this unhappy world."

Mentally I recalled the fabulous meeting of the cheese mites assembled to determine the origin of cheese. The conclusion supported by a large majority was that a gigantic cheese mite of benevolent disposition had made cheese for the delectation of all cheese mites. The dissentients suspected that cheese had derived from the rapid rotation of yellow fog in vacuo, accompanied by suitable but fortuitous variations of temperature. No cheesemite was blessed with vision sufficient to conceive that strange phenomenon—a cow.



# The Lounge

By Bernard J. Farmer

MISS BELTON entered softly, a little before seven. She picked up someone else's newspaper and began to read. But every now and then her eyes wandered from the page. They went to the fire—a new grate put in that morning; undeniably more efficient than the old one. Therefore it would be right to praise it. They went to the picture—some sort of landscape—above the piano. Miss Moore, an expert in other people's furniture, had cleaned the canvas; not a great improvement, Miss Belton considered.

She glanced at the clock, adjusted her gold-rimmed glasses, and began to read again.

The door opened and a smell of approaching dinner came in; then Mr. Curnew. He stood with his back to the fire, blocking it—a thing that always annoyed Miss Belton intensely. It showed a distinct lack of breeding. But what else could one expect from a maker of saddles?

She smiled vaguely at Mr. Curnew's "Good evening." She was always vague with people she disliked.

Mr. Curnew glanced at his watch. Still five minutes to dinner. He produced an evening paper. Miss Belton noted it, and traced its future movements—not, unfortunately, to herself. Mr. Curnew carried his paper up to his room after dinner.

The door opened again and in came the Misses Hemlock—or Helmlock—Miss Belton could never quite decide which it was. They sat side by side on the couch.

Miss Belton spoke: "It was quite foggy to-day."

The elder Miss Hemlock answered: "Yes, we were quite delayed this morning . . . A new grate!"

Miss Belton, the only one in the house in the daytime, and therefore the pseudo-proprietor of new grates, changes in furniture, and the like—beamed.

"Don't you thing it's a great improvement?"

"It certainly is."

"We must congratulate Mrs. Paul," said Miss Belton. "Perhaps we shall see a change in the food soon . . . I'm on vegetarian diet and I've had potatoes and sprouts every night this week. It was an understood thing when I came here that I was to . . ."

The door opened and Mr. Rivers came in. Mr. Rivers had brown eyes which slid about him uneasily. They slid past Miss Belton, past the Misses Hemlock, past Mr. Curnew, then with a general "good evening," he buried himself in a paper.

" . . . have varied vegetarian diet," continued Miss Belton (she did not approve of Mr. Rivers, who most pointedly carried his paper about with him; and even, under a cloak of absentmindedness, brushed past her on the stairs).

Mr. River's paper rustled and he turned it over with a quick smack. Miss Belton frowned.

"You must find travelling to and from the City so tiring, Miss Hemlock," she said, "the manners these days. . . ."

"I had a seat to-night," said Miss Hemlock, "a gentleman got up for me. . . ."

Miss Belton sniffed. There was a pause. Mr. Curnew began to hum.

"Smash-and-grab raid near my place to-day," he said to the room at large.

"How dreadful!" These people spoke together. A smell of food intimated that dinner was nearly ready.

The door opened again, and the Dinsmores entered, father, mother, daughter and son. The Dinsmores were not used to boarding houses; they had a house, a large house, Miss Belton understood, in Clanricarde Gardens, which was being redecorated. Hence their appearance, for a month, in Denton Private Hotel.

They were a happy family. Mr. Dinsmore, big and cheerful, was something to do with Education. Mrs. Dinsmore, the daughter, Alice, and the son, Raymond, were all cheerful, happy people. They chattered incessantly at meals. There was much use of modern, youthful words, "Swizz," "Disgusting" (from Miss Dinsmore), "My revered parent" (Master Dinsmore); and once or twice, disrespectfully, "My dear William" (William being Mr. Dinsmore's Christian name).

They found the hotel very amusing. Miss Belton was a perfect scream. She got puce with anger if you pinched her bath time. The others were bores; all but Mr. Curnew, who was rather a dear. What a life to live always in a private hotel!

Miss Belton liked them. She liked Mr. Dinsmore, who was a gentleman, and did not tear past her on the stairs. She liked Mrs. Dinsmore, who was a lady, and would listen to theories on vegetarian diet. Master and Miss Dinsmore always said very politely, "Good morning, Miss Belton," which was more than that horrible Mr. Rivers would do.

She turned to them now. "What a beautiful evening it has turned out, Mrs. Dinsmore."

Mrs. Dinsmore smiled at her. "Yes, Miss Belton . . . We've taken a liberty with your room, I do hope you don't mind. We've put some flowers there. We got them from our garden."

Miss Belton beamed. Her false teeth clicked with emotion.

"How kind of you, Mrs. Dinsmore! I shall love them. So very thoughtful!"

It was fifteen years since anyone had troubled about her. How nice people who lived in homes were!

"The old bird's going to cry!" thought Master and Miss Dinsmore.

"Poor dear!" thought Mrs. Dinsmore.

The gong boomed; a terrific crescendo. All was ready for a banquet of banquets.

Miss Belton rose almost at once, bravely prepared to eat her way through from soup to cheese, if it killed her. She would have her money's worth.

## New 20-h.p. Saloon

By KAYE DON,

(Motoring Editor of the Saturday Review)

THOSE who are frightened of overseas competition in the British market for better quality cars may very well take courage from the new Armstrong Siddeley 20 h.p. coach-built saloon. I had an opportunity of trying one of these cars over the week-end. We drove to Dovercourt and back through winding Essex lanes and over stretches of excellent arterial road, which gave one every opportunity of trying out the car under all normal circumstances.

Some of the gradients, even in Essex, were sufficient to demonstrate its hill-climbing capabilities, while the arterial roads gave one the fullest opportunities for high-speed driving, and the zig-zag lanes and hairpin bends of the northern part of the country tried the car's elasticity and ease of steering to the fullest extent.

I can say right away, without fear of contradiction, that here is a magnificent town carriage, beautifully finished and elegant in design. It has all the appearance of a rich man's car, but its price, £535 places it within the reach of the "father of six."

The road-holding under all conditions was definitely good, while the springing was excellent and the acceleration gave one a quick, smooth getaway both in the press of traffic—of which the East End is surely London's best criterion—and after taking sudden corners. The springs, by the way, are semi-elliptic, with gaiters and Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers. The four-wheel brakes are smooth and efficient and can be relied upon to pull up the car with a minimum of time and fuss.

A great feature of this motor car is the self-changing gear, of which the Armstrong Siddeley firm were the pioneers. This device makes gear changing a pleasure to the many motorists who in the past have been afraid of touching the gear levers at any price.

The cooling system is by pump and fan, with thermostat controlled radiator shutters, while the petrol supply is by pump from a 12 gallon tank at the rear. The oil capacity is 20 pints, again controlled by pump.

As might be expected from this firm, the equipment is more than generous and includes a full set of tools, four Lucas lamps with dip and switch control, a stop tail lamp, thermometer, speedometer, oil indicator, petrol gauge, and a 12-volt 63-amp. hour Lucas battery.

The tax is £20 a year or £5 10s. quarterly, while for an extra £15 one can be provided with a sliding roof, permanent jacks and bumpers.

Here, in short, is an excellent example of the solid work, sound performance, and excellent finish which the British motor car manufacture can put into the modern type of car to-day. I honestly

believe, that, speaking generally, no foreign manufacturer can compete with us when it comes to the production of maximum intrinsic worth for a given sum in motor car production.

A long 20 h.p. chassis, with a wheelbase nine inches longer than the 10 ft. 2½ in. measurement of the model under discussion is also provided for those who like the look of the longer body.

If the rest of the models on the Armstrong programme live up to the quality of this one, I can only say that the firm's decision not to depart seriously from the principles which earned them so much success last season, is fully justified.

It must not be forgotten that this firm is one of the only two establishments in Great Britain in which motor cars and aero-engines have for many years been built side by side under the same exacting conditions. One result is that their cars can truly be said to be of "aircraft quality." Perhaps that is why Sir Alan Cobham chose a fleet of twenty Armstrong Siddeley cars for the ground transport of his whirlwind tour of seventy South African towns.

## VERSE

### An Address to Young Students of Art

(INSPIRED BY CERTAIN PICTURES NOW ON VIEW)

If, gentlemen, you mean to paint  
With hopes of fame and gold,  
The principles of modern art  
You faithfully must hold.

And firstly—though this precept might,  
I trust, be left unsaid—  
Shun the insidious influence  
Of the illustrious dead.

The beautiful, the high, the pure,  
The thing they call "romance,"  
Sweet thoughts that once have nerved  
young limbs  
In battle and in dance—

That class of thing—you know the rest—  
Was once thought worth its fee,  
But you have learnt it will not do  
For nineteen thirty-three.

The earth, the sky, the human form—  
Its face or hinder part—  
To paint them as in fact they are  
Were fatal to your art.

The hard fact and the heart's desire  
You equally must flee:  
Paint that which no men ever saw  
Or ever wished to see.

Nor should your work display one trace  
Of any sort of power,  
Beyond what every artisan  
Could learn in half an hour.

C.

SERIAL

## The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. We therefore hold it a privilege to reprint week by week extracts from this illuminating history.*

Conservative politicians by attacking French policy in the Ruhr were thus playing directly into the hands of the Socialists and Communists whose sympathies were all with Germany.

The *Daily Herald* had always advocated the policy it described as "scrapping the whole bad business of making Germany pay," and, with the honourable exception of the Social Democratic Federation, dominated by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the whole Socialist movement in Great Britain was in favour of letting Germany off altogether and leaving France to repair the ravages of war as best she could. The same attitude was adopted by the pro-German "Second Internationale"<sup>1</sup> at the before-mentioned Hamburg Conference in May 1923, where all the speeches on the opening day were devoted to explaining that "poor Germany could not pay and that the wicked French ought to leave the Ruhr."<sup>2</sup> The British delegation urged amidst German cheers that Britain should forgo all war debts. If then the Conservatives themselves turned towards Germany and away from France, the Socialists and Pacifists and conscientious objectors could proclaim triumphantly that they had been right all along, and that Britain had been wrong to go into the War on the side of France.

Meanwhile the patriotic elements in the country who retained the war-time outlook could feel nothing but disappointed at the policy of the Government from which they had expected so much. An uneasy feeling that anti-French influences were at work in the councils of the Conservative Party had prevailed throughout the past year in circles where the cause for which England and France fought side by side in the Great War had not become a dead letter. On April 12, 1923, Mr. Leo Maxse, editor of the *National Review*, delivered a lecture at the Æolian Hall on "Our Pro-German Politicians" before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Lord Ampthill, who took the chair, observed amidst loud applause that "no one could be pro-German without being anti-French and no one could be anti-French without being anti-English."

Mr. Maxse then described the course of Anglo-French policy since the War, showing the fallacy of pretending that the nation shared the pro-German tendencies of its politicians. On the contrary, it was "the widespread popular dislike of

the anti-French and pro-German attitude" of Mr. Lloyd George and his Cabinet that had been one of the main causes of the ignominious collapse of the Coalition. Unhappily there was a strong family likeness between the machinations of our Parliamentarians although bearing different and distinctive labels, "so that if one read the public utterances on international affairs of the present Prime Minister [Mr. Bonar Law] or either of our ex-Prime Ministers or the official leader of the Opposition, they would hardly know whether it was Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George or some Labour leader who was speaking." And Mr. Maxse ended by asking what was the "intangible, invisible influence in the background bringing pressure to bear on British statesmen, which must ultimately involve them in political catastrophe."

The applause which punctuated these remarks showed the extent of popular feeling on the subject.

By the autumn of 1923 a general disillusionment set in. What had the Conservatives done to justify the hopes placed on them at the time of their accession to power? They had reduced the income-tax by 6d.; the problems of rent-control and housing had been dealt with satisfactorily for the time being, but of the Die-Hard programme practically nothing had been carried out. Although in giving effect to the Irish Treaty and the Free State Constitution on December 5, 1922, the Government could legitimately argue that it was now impossible to go back on the pact arranged by the Coalition, there seemed to be no reason why justice should not have been done to the Irish Loyalists, whose claims by the end of the year 1923 still remained unsettled. The *Evening News* related that when one of their correspondents called at the Conservative Central Office to ask whether any special literature had been issued, dealing with the position of the Irish Loyalists in view of the expected discussion at the Plymouth Conference of the Party, an official blandly made answer: "No, oh, no! You see that question is quite dead now."<sup>3</sup>

Other questions of vital importance to Conservatism seemed to be dead also. No one at headquarters was apparently troubling about Socialism. Nothing had been done to limit the political power of the Trade Unions. The Reform of the House of Lords had been indefinitely postponed at the instance of Lord Curzon. As Mr. Winston Churchill had foretold at the Aldwych Club on May 4, 1923, the Government had proved

<sup>1</sup> See series of articles by the late Mr. Adolphe Smith, member of the S.D.F., entitled "The Pan-German Internationale"—*The Times*, July, 29, 30 and 31, 1919.

<sup>2</sup> See excellent article on this Conference, "If Labour Rules," by Mr. Lovat Fraser in the *Sunday Pictorial*, June 10, 1923.

<sup>3</sup> Date of October 23, 1923.



## SERIAL

entirely unprovocative and unaggressive, it had raised none of the old flags of fierce political controversy. "Free Trade was not to be interfered with." The attempts to restore the veto of the House of Lords and to repeal the Parliament Act had been "relegated to a remote, hypothetical and nebulous futurity." The Home Rule settlement had been "loyally and skilfully carried out by this Unionist and Die-Hard Administration." As for taxation, there was no Government which to-day "made more severe demands upon the owners of property than this high Tory Government." And Mr. Churchill went on to show that resistance to Socialism had been paralysed by quarrels between the Constitutional elements so that the common peril had been lost to sight:

Thus we see not only Liberals of the Left, but Conservatives of the Right, assuring the country that there is no danger of Socialism or of a Socialist Government, that it is a mere bogey or bugbear not worthy of serious attention; that the Labour leaders are very sensible and honest men, who would never think of carrying out the policy they are pledged to.

As a result of all this the credit of the Conservative Government had declined at an astonishing rate and might collapse in two years, perhaps in less. When that day came Mr. Churchill declared:

It will be said on every side, "The Coalition was tried; it was unpopular. The Tories have tried; they have failed. The Liberals are still quarrelling among themselves. Now it is the turn of the Labour Party. Let them have their chance." And millions of voters will respond to this argument. And, without any real battle or strong political contest, a Socialist Government may be installed in power in a single day. . . . I cannot but feel that this is a very grave possibility.<sup>1</sup>

These prophetic words were fulfilled just seven months later when the Government, throwing all other considerations aside, went to the country on the issue of Protection. By that time dissatisfaction had deepened; unemployment, though considerably less than in the preceding year, was still acute; agriculture was declining; most of the great trades were suffering from foreign competition.

It was at this crisis in October that the Imperial Conference met, and on October 9 Mr. Bruce, the Australian Premier, put forward a bold scheme of Imperial Preference, according to which the food supply of Great Britain would be provided by the Empire to the exclusion of the foreigner, without raising the price to the consumer. As a necessary prelude to this, he advocated a thoroughgoing system of Protection in England. Further speeches on these lines by Mr. Bruce, and by Mr. Massey on behalf of New Zealand, emboldened the Conservative Government to stake everything on this issue, and at the Plymouth Conference of the Unionist Association on October 25 Mr. Baldwin announced his conviction that Protection was the only remedy for unemployment.

The declaration was received with cheers, but as this policy entailed a General Election—owing to Mr. Bonar Law's pledge the previous year not to make any fundamental change in the fiscal system during the lifetime of the present Government—

many ardent Protectionists felt it to be a grave imprudence and took the view that tightening up the Safeguarding of Industries Act would provide the necessary fiscal reforms. To go to the country on the issue of Protection with, inevitably, the accompanying scare of food taxes was to imperil the position of the Party, which, otherwise, might reasonably look forward to another three years of office. It was a gambler's throw which if successful, might have proved the salvation of the country; unfortunately it failed and brought the Government crashing to the ground.

At the General Election that took place on December 6, 1923, the Conservatives lost 107 seats and gained 18, so that they were left with a total loss of 89. The state of the three Parties was then as follows:

Conservatives ...	258
"Labour Party" ...	192
Liberals ...	156

The Conservatives were thus still the largest party, but without a majority enabling them to carry on the Government. It now depended on the Liberals to decide whether to support the Conservatives or to put the Labour Party into office. The question was quickly settled by Mr. Asquith, who, at a meeting at the National Liberal Club on December 18, declared that he would not lift a finger to save the present Government. Accordingly when the Labour Party moved their vote of censure against the Government on January 17, 1924, it met with strong support from the Liberals and was carried on the 21st by a majority of 77. On the following day the Labour Party assumed office under the Premiership of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

\* \* \* \*

The advent of the "Labour Party" to office in 1924 was a deep humiliation to every patriotic citizen. At first it seemed almost unbelievable that only five years after the War had ended the Government of this country should be actually in the hands of men who had failed her in her hour of need, some of whom had even given encouragement to the enemy. The author of the articles broadcasted by the Germans on the outbreak of war, the man whom the sailors refused to carry to Russia—now Prime Minister. The "heroic champion of the conscientious objectors"—Chancellor of the Exchequer. The man who misled us as to Germany's intentions and still proclaimed himself a pro-German—Lord Chancellor. The promoters of the Leeds Conference, of the Council of Action and a host of members of the I.L.P., Union of Democratic Control and other Pacifist organisations raised to posts of honour in the State. To some of us the triumphal march of conquering German legions down Whitehall would have been less bitter. We closed our eyes in shame as we passed the Cenotaph. Was it for this they fought?

*Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 8, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; and September 2.*

<sup>1</sup> *The Times*, May 5, 1923.

# Where Are Our Satirists ?

By Malcolm Elwin

**M**R. PRIESTLEY'S "Wonder Hero" is the best-seller of the day. It was bound to be, since "The Good Companions" propelled him into the front rank of popular favouritism. The reading public is patiently uncritical and slow to desert an idol once adopted as an object of worship. But the critics are manifesting a pleasantly surprising disunity about "Wonder Hero"; many, of course, continue to compare Mr. Priestley with Dickens, because such comparison is conventional since "The Good Companions" was found to possess all the formlessness and a flavour of the frivolity of "Pickwick," but a few of the more discerning have boldly declared that he must do better to sustain his reputation.

The trouble is that Mr. Priestley has donned the satirist's cowl and worn it like a long-haired youth at a Kensington cocktail-party. He is angry because a once flourishing industrial town no longer flourishes and because an ordinary working-man like his hero can be exploited by the stunt-mongering of the popular press. It is not enough. Towns come and go; Tiverton was once a centre of the woollen industry. The popular press is too obvious game; it is a product of the age, not so much a vice as a mirror reflecting the conglomeration of contemporary vices. "Wonder Hero" is satire in a tea-cup; another novelist might as well satirise the novelist who satirises stunt publicity and yet lends his name to advertise cameras and tobacco-blends.

## "Facit Indignatio . . ."

To be satisfying, satire must be ruthless and far-reaching. Its burning anger must not be diluted by appealing sentiment about decaying towns and disillusioned working-men. The satirist is not inspired by the pity of condescending charity, but irritated into spleen by impatience with injustice or humbug. Swift and Bunyan had both suffered cruelly—Bunyan was imprisoned on account of his religious faith, Swift endured many years of lonely exile in bitter retrospect of a political career which once presented dazzling possibilities. Smarting under a sense of injustice, each unburdened his soul in bitter contempt of human vanities.

Swift is the supreme satirist. Ironically, "Gulliver's Travels" is now bought mostly as a tale for children by parents unconscious of its being the most savage of all indictments against civilised humanity. The laughter created by the drollery of the incidents blinds the reader to the grim ferocity of the author's philosophy; forgetting one's sense of humour and seeking only the writer's message, it is appalling to conceive the mental state of a man who could feel such loathing for his own kind. There is satire even in the manner of narration, in the naïve and natural way in which the narrator assumes the credulity of his readers.

Bunyan's day was the great era of English satire. There is more wit than humour in the Restoration comedy of Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve, because its temper was satirical. The laughter of satire is derisive and mirthless—a sneer at the ridiculous exposure of other people's follies and foibles. The laughter in a Restoration theatre was harsh and sinister; no writer ever railed more violently against his public than Wycherley, whose characters lashed the faces of their audience from the stage. The sentiment of Steele and Farquhar drove Wycherley from the comic theatre—sentiment is always the enemy of satire. We had an example lately in Mr. Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," the satirical force of which was utterly discounted by an extravagance of sickly sentimentality.

## Immortal Satire

Dryden was a great political satirist. A professional journalist in the pay of his party, he achieved in "Absalom and Achitophel" and "The Medal" a pair of immortal satiric masterpieces, when he might have served his employers equally well with conventionally ephemeral lampoons. The modern newspaper, with its habit of direct preaching and indirect impertinence, has crowded satire out of journalism, and the finer weapons of abuse lie rusting in its armoury.

Of all forms of art to-day—except the cinema—the stage is most despised. It is as fashionable for dramatic critics to be destructive and difficult to please as for reviewers to be unctuously polite and chained to platitudes. Yet the drama in late years can show a better record for satire than its sisters. The names of Galsworthy, St. John Hankin, Alfred Sutro, and Somerset Maugham occur readily to mind as satirists of real vision and purpose, while Mr. Bernard Shaw, as a political satirist, comes closest to the shadow of Dryden.

## Lily Fingers

Our modern poets are lily-fingered and babble only of beauty and green fields. Not only have we neither a Pope nor a Dryden, but we cannot muster a Praed or a Calverley. Among novelists, there are none capable of the glowing anger of Reade and Dickens or the biting sarcasm of Thackeray. Galsworthy alone has held up the mirror of satire to a representative contemporary class, and he, though so recently dead, is already out of fashion with the critics, while they have hardly heard of Mr. Richard Aldington, whose refreshing savagery in "Death of a Hero" and "All Men are Enemies" marks him as a coming force.

Pope, if he returned to life, would find all his heroes of "The Dunciad" still living under aliases. And Juvenal, if he found modern London differing somewhat from the Rome of his third satire, would the more eagerly resume his pen.

## NEW NOVELS

[REVIEWED BY H. WARNER ALLEN]

*The Snows of Helicon.* By H. M. Tomlinson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*The Clueless Trail.* By P. Walsh. Eldon Press. 7s. 6d.

THE path of life runs along the line where two worlds meet. On the left is this world with its dimensions of space and a dimension of time, on the right a vaster universe where all that has been, is and is fated to be exist in a single present. Most of us accomplish our journey with our eyes fixed on this world of ours as we call it and make the best we can of its momentary confusions and contradictions. Some few turn from time to time towards the dazzling light on the right. Generally they come back blinded after an instant's glimpse of ineffable beauty, and either they forget it or, if the vision was too intense, grope blindly henceforward in a world that is strange to them and meaningless. Here and there a man may have eyes so strong that they can bear the fulness of the vision, and he comes back to life with the word that sets all things in order, though outwardly nothing is changed. For mystics are practical folk.

Travers, Mr. Tomlinson's hero, catches a glimpse of the Snows of Helicon, the home of Apollo and beauty, and his life is changed, but his eyes never recover their full sight. He has lost the word. An architect of modern monstrosities in concrete, he realises that men have forgotten beauty and that in their worship of the power which science gives them they are destroying themselves, losing their souls. From that time on he moves through life like a blind man or a visitor from some other planet, ignorant of the laws of this existence. Casually he leaves his wife at a railway station, waiting for a train, and becomes so immersed in contemplation that he disappears and never speaks to her again.

Vaguely he sets before himself the purpose of saving a Greek temple on a Sicilian island from the destruction with which it is threatened by modern business methods. That purpose carries him all over the world into strange places, strange company and strange adventures, which Mr. Tomlinson describes with a wizard's skill. Sketches of equatorial Paranagua, such characters as Glen-thorpe, the consul, and Bert, the bo'sun, will remain for ever with the reader as familiar landscapes and well-known faces in the land of his dreams and fantasies.

Yet there is something missing. The vision need not send men all astray in this everyday world of ours. Travers had forgotten the word. His purpose ended in his being blown up with the Greek temple which he had tried to save. No doubt then he remembered the word, but even so his purpose was self-contradictory. He contradicted it when a fragile pot turned by an Indian potter called from him a confession of the immortality of beauty:

"You can't break that," he told the engineer to that man's astonishment, "you can't break that. It's an idea. He has shaped it, and we've seen it.

How can you break that? It exists. You can only break the pot."

What was the word that Travers forgot? Mr. Tomlinson does not tell us. Yet, though it is no secret, for the great mystics have told us, it may perhaps be deduced from Travers' thoughts about his wife Fanny:

To know Fanny was like assurance of God, though the sky fell, being nothing. . . The sight of her that morning was as good as that sunrise long ago at Taormina.

It is nothing that he afterwards thinks of her as "amaranthine like Aphrodite," perpetual life and so on. There is an ambiguity in the first sentence quoted: does "being nothing" qualify "God" or "the sky"? Lovers are not ambiguous, and never in the history of the world did a lover believe that the sight of the beloved was "as good as" a sunrise. The thought is a blasphemy. Love was the word that Travers had forgotten, and for want of it the half-remembered vision was little better than a will-o'-the-wisp in the world of pools and ditches.

Mr. Walsh has written an exciting crime story which holds the reader's attention, though perhaps the thrills flag off a little towards the end. The last scene, however, is excellent. "The Clueless Trail," as its title suggests, dispenses with subtle clues and deductions. It provides no problems worthy of a Sherlock Holmes, and the identity of the criminal is known from the first. The personality of the criminal, or rather criminals, drowns that of the detective who celebrates his engagement by sending his fiancée Betty to shadow the man whom he is after. How Betty escapes from death or worse, as it is usually described, is the main interest of the story. She seems to have been a singularly innocent and foolish young actress with a great deal more than her share of good luck.

### Eminent Anyhow

*The Post-Victorians.* Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 10s. 6d.

HERE is a collection of essays in miniature biography which covers a list of eminent persons, rather oddly assorted and chosen with a definitely catholic mind. On the other hand, their biographers—R. D. Blumenfeld for Northcliffe, Dean Inge for the preface, Sidney Dark for Dr. Davidson, J. Wentworth Day for Segrave and Sir Ian Hamilton for Kitchener among many others—are chosen aptly.

Thus we get one of those interesting and often vital books which deserve permanence on bookshelves because they refresh our minds about men and things within our personal experience. What is more, these critical appreciations write valuable footnotes to history and make the yarn which later historians will weave.

Not all the essays are equal in liveliness and just appreciation of style or matter. But few are dull, many are extremely good and complete, and some make new revelations of character and purpose. Altogether a book to buy, read, and keep.



### The Fruits of Sorrow

*Testament of Youth.* By Vera Brittain. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

IT is a matter for regret that Miss Vera Brittain's new book should be introduced by an extravagant eulogist whose loud paean of praise replaces the familiar "blurb." We are told that "*Testament of Youth*" is like no other book yet published, that none has yet so convincingly conveyed the grief of modern war, that the personal record is almost intolerably poignant, that it is a book for everybody. Is it true friendship to write in this hyperbolic fashion, or is it merely a concession to the prevailing practice of discovering at least three masterpieces in every week of the year and "cloying the gazettes with cant"?

"*Testament of Youth*" is the well-written and carefully presented story of a profound tragedy. During the war Miss Brittain lost her fiancé, her brother and two nearest friends, the brother being killed in the summer of 1918. She worked in hospitals in France and the record of her work among shattered men and boys glimpses an inferno that heroism can lighten but cannot justify. In the recital of her relations with the gifted lad who might have been her husband, there is less appeal. The story has been handled by too clever a pen, and it is hard to understand how it is possible to quote both from his letters to her and from hers to him unless she kept copies; we are not told that her letters to him came back with the "torn bills and letters and manuscript notebook"—and we don't keep copies of our love letters, do we? Perhaps they should not be published if we did. A small point this, perhaps, but it adds to one reader's resentment of the dramatising of a tragedy so stark as to need no setting.

Miss Brittain's hospital experiences do not suffer from over elaboration, and are impressive. The fashion in which she subdued her sense of horror and pity and was content to do her work to the utmost of her ability, testifies not only to her own capacity but to the capacity of the best of the wonderful sisterhood that has built up a union of those who love in the service of those who suffer. If her service seems even more significant than her losses, we must remember that her pitiful personal experiences could find their parallel in ten thousand homes of every belligerent country; wherever men fell on the field of battle, hearts came near to breaking far behind the lines, and though Time the great healer sought to help, he could not always succeed. If custom may stale the anguish of these happenings, they are not either harder or lighter to bear because they can be set down without reticence.

Miss Brittain—she keeps her maiden name professionally—does not hold the reader so closely when the war was over and she returned to Somerville to become one of the brilliant group of women writers now so much to the fore. The season of bitter strife was over then, she was moving towards marriage, motherhood and success; it is common knowledge that the gifts of the gods provide but scanty material for autobiography.

Perhaps the final test of such a book's worth lies in the answer to the question: How much do

we know of the writer when we part company? One reader thinks that he sees a woman of considerable personal charm, great strength of character, progressive ideas and a sufficient consciousness of sex attraction to be able to consider the question of the most appropriate clothes on most occasions; he cannot but feel that all the outstanding qualities, endurance, sympathy and courage are the ripe fruits of the seeds that sorrow planted.

Discount the flamboyant appeal on the cover; accept the view *de gustibus non est disputandum*; forgive the printer's errors that might have been eliminated; the book remains well worth reading. S.L.B.

### How I Put Things Right

*Sailors Statesmen—and Others.* By Lt. Commander Kenworthy. Rich and Cowan. 18s.

IN this autobiography Lt. Commander Kenworthy explains with something more than the cocksureness of an Admiral how his life has been spent in putting things right. Everything that has gone wrong would have been right if his advice had been taken and everything that is right is as it should be, because he made it so. The book winds up with the quest of the ideal leader. Commander Kenworthy's modesty makes him write:

I fail to see our future leader, as yet. But leaders are never elected. They lead. Let us hope for the sake of the British people that the hour will produce the man—and that he will be a MAN.

Really only one man seems to have worsted him and that was Gandhi. "I went on my way," he tells us, "exhausted in mind after four hours verbal wrestling with this present-day saint."

The gallant Commander does not like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and draws an unlovely picture of our Prime Minister who, he remarks, "has lost every one of his friends of the earlier days." "All," he adds, "thought they were in this strange man's confidence and all were disillusioned."

The Arnold case was typical. Lord Arnold was taken to America in 1929 and was considered the confidant. Arnold described himself as the "organ-blower" on this memorable mission; but it is well known that he made himself invaluable to his chief, earned the respect of the Americans and of our own civil servants and politicians and made no enemies. MacDonald simply dropped Sidney Arnold. . . . As I write, the refinements and intelligent sympathies, so necessary to MacDonald, are furnished by the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. Both are good patriots and astute politicians. There are many ways of serving the State.

Anyhow, to Commander Kenworthy's astonishment, he was offered no place in the last Labour Government.

To my great surprise, I was told long afterwards by a colleague who enjoyed MacDonald's confidence for many years, that MacDonald looked upon me as a possible rival and determined therefore to keep me off the Front Bench.

And that no doubt was why Commander Kenworthy is not quoted to-day among the probable Premiers of the future.

### A Poet and the Sea

*The Conway.* By John Masefield. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY CAPT. BERNARD ACWORTH, R.N.]

THE "Conway" is no ordinary record of an educational establishment by an old boy. Rather is it a faithful mirror of the changing manners and habits of thought of three-quarters of a century, a mirror held up by no less a hand than that of the Poet Laureate. The narrative owes its vividness, not to brilliant writing and profound thought, but to the sober and accurate setting down of facts and quotations drawn from each one of the years between 1859, the year of the founding of the Training Ship, and 1932.

Mr. Masefield was a cadet on board the Conway in the years 1891-94 and, though no special emphasis is laid on these years, the reader will find them of especial interest. Remembering the scholastic career of other literary giants, few will be surprised to hear that Mr. Masefield's name could not be included by "Lippy"—the Captain—for Queen Victoria's gold medal because he did not reach 50 per cent. in marks. That his three years in the "Conway" left an indelible impression on his mind is apparent from the gusto with which he recounts the boat-race struggles between the "Conway" and "Worcester"; the great fight between the ship's bully and a nervous boy who, one almost suspects, may be himself; the mutinous spirit of certain cadets and the subsequent floggings, and other lively doings, which conclude with the escapade of a cow which jumped off Birkenhead Pier and swam round the ship.

This book is assured of a wide circulation in the Merchant Marine when it is considered that up to 1928 no less than 6,000 officers had passed through the "Conway." It should, however, reach far beyond the Merchant Service into the ranks of all concerned with education generally, and with sea-training in particular.

Mr. Masefield, perhaps unwittingly, has given the Royal Navy not only a book to enjoy, but a book to think about. Indeed, we could wish that H.M.S. "Britannia," and the R.N. College, Dartmouth, could find so faithful and lively a chronicler and so friendly, but keen, a critic.

The general reader can hardly fail to be struck by the disproportion between the trifling expenditure on the three "Conways" and the outstanding results obtained. Those who may be disposed to think that the soundness of education is related to the immensity of the sums of money expended should go for enlightenment to Mr. Masefield's latest work.

If any adverse criticism of "The Conway" is permissible it will be found to lie, I think, in one of the most interesting chapters, "Thirty Years After." In this chapter the facts of 1902 are set against the facts of 1932. Mr. Masefield, in his desire to be generous to the educational ideals of to-day, seems to me, perhaps unreasonably, to be something less than fair to the sterner doctrines of training which gave us those great sea officers to whose magnificent seamanship, unflinching sense of duty, and calm courage the nation owed

its salvation in those dark days of 1917 and 1918. "The Conway," in short, is worthy of its sons—the officers of the British Merchant Navy.

### A Lawyer's Musings

*More from a Lawyer's Notebook.* Anonymous. Martin Secker. 5s.

[REVIEWED BY SHANE LESLIE]

THE anonymous Lawyer, who delighted a discerning public and shocked his profession with an unofficial Notebook last year has returned with another collection of such sentiments as do not appear in Church Family papers and jokes of a kind that are excluded from *Punch*; for instance, "The Ready Wit of Mr. Bury," or Edward Thomas' definition of "The Perfect Wife," taken from the inscription over a fried fish shop.

Most of these notes have been scribbled under the sombre clouds of asthma, when the writer could scarcely speak and felt unfit for human intercourse. They have acted as a safety valve when tempted to the deadly mediæval sin of *accidia*, of which he gives a definition which should please Mr. Chesterton.

The weird and amusing variety in the book preserves shreds of British thought which are not likely to survive elsewhere. Writing of the charm of the past he says that the foreground is less interesting: "Looking closely at a waterfall one sees individual jets of spray: but looking at a distance one sees a continuous mass of white beauty." He only hopes that there are a few amongst the young who will preserve the Vestal Fire of European culture from complete extinction. Sagely he adds, "Intellectual snobbery is no adequate substitute for natural piety." Yet he can criticise a fine old British institution, for instance, the "musical party where the music is regarded as a stimulus talk."

His criticism of the *Times* and of the tyranny of surgeons is excellent. He has never encountered the frailty of the typist in real life. He was delighted to find a piece of modern music free of "choruses of erotic cats and irascible bumble bees." Another good phrase, "As Democracy waxes privacy wanes," and again, "Publicity is the soul of Communism." And, in the case of male poisoners, "urbanity often covers a multitude of discreet felonies."

Occasionally the legal information is broken by snippets of home-made verse:

Sleep and the world sleeps with you  
Snore and you snore alone!  
Drink and the world drinks with you  
Pay and you pay alone!

Apart from a slightly immodest mixture, this stuff is the nearest to Doctor Johnson's table talk to appear in our time. We wish Secker would issue interleaved editions, as every sentence lends itself to exhilaration or expostulation. It may relieve the author to know that our copy was opened and held on the Irish Border as "suspected to contain contraband," but that it has finally passed the Censor. Incidentally, we think the paragraph about the Irish unkind. Our instincts are not "sadistic." But self-pity has led to a certain sentimental massochism amongst us.



# To Bomb or Not

[Much interest has been roused by Captain Harold Balfour's recent article on Aerial Bombing. The following are selections from some of the letters received.—Ed. S.R.]

From Major W. P. COLFOX, M.P.

SIR,—You ask for my views on the prohibition or retention of aerial bombing.

I look upon this matter, so far as it concerns bombing for police purposes in outlying parts of the Empire, from a purely humanitarian point of view.

If aerial bombing were totally prohibited, then the alternative in almost every case would be a military expedition. To send a few aeroplanes, after due notice has been given, to drop bombs for police purposes is a very effective, quick, and almost always an entirely bloodless way of settling a disturbance or other trouble. A military expedition making war is much less effective, and occupies months or even years instead of hours or days. A military expedition entails much suffering and hardship to men and beasts, and almost certainly considerable loss of life on both sides.

Thus unquestionably from a humanitarian standpoint it is essential to retain the use of this effective, but harmless, weapon for police purposes.

The case for retaining the use of aerial bombing in actual warfare is even stronger, though different. It is not suggested, nor would it be possible, to prohibit artillery in warfare; and the aeroplane, used as a bomber, is merely a big gun with a much increased range. If it were possible to abolish all explosives in war, it would be a very good thing, but such a suggestion is manifestly absurd. Therefore it is totally illogical to prohibit explosives when used by aeroplanes, but not when used by artillery.

I have myself on many occasions been subjected to heavy artillery fire and to aerial bombing. Both experiences are intensely unpleasant, but of the two the artillery fire is much the more frightening and more destructive.

Any old soldier knows that what he most wants to avoid in future is war; but he also knows that if war has to be, (which it is everyone's duty to try to prevent), then the sooner it is finished the better, and therefore the long range as well as the short range weapons must be used to reduce the length of the struggle and thus reduce the suffering.

W. P. COLFOX.

House of Commons.

From Admiral Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE, M.P.

SIR,—Thank you for your letter enclosing a reprint of Captain Harold Balfour's article "In Praise of Aerial Bombing."

In reply to your invitation to comment on the points raised, I would emphasise the importance of distinguishing between tactics and logic.

In logic—obviously it is only a matter of degree. Capt. Balfour must admit that aerial bombing is the deadliest form of offensive; especially if the bombs are of poison gas. But pacifists must admit that poison gas or other bombs and shells can be distributed by artillery, and gas by the wind. In other respects the pacifist argument against mere bombing aircraft fails.

But in tactics—pacifists must admit our Government were bound to put as forcibly as possible the police-side of bombing as a very definite factor in the arguments for and against it; while Capt Balfour must admit that (a) international agreement on measures to reduce provocation to war are essential; (b) that in such agreement, every country must be prepared to yield as well as to take advantage; (c) we must in the end be prepared to yield air-bombing; (d) it would in fact not prevent our using aircraft in various ways to get much the same effect, e.g., by dropping leaflets and later detachments of men with guns and even bombs, which with wireless communications and rapid transport by motor-roads and by air, would enable us to police the frontier of India far more easily than before the War.

I support, therefore, Capt. Balfour's main contention; but shall support the Government even if they find it

necessary to make this illogical concession in order to arrive at an effective international Disarmament condition.

FRANCIS FREMANTLE.

House of Commons.

From Mr. PATRICK FORD, M.P.

SIR,—I can only say that Captain Balfour's views on a subject of vast and peculiar importance to the British people, strike me as well founded and enunciated with a moderation and logical lucidity that carry conviction.

At this juncture they convey a warning that one would fain believe to be superfluous, but that, one fears, is urgently necessary.

PATRICK FORD,

(M.P. Edinburgh, North).

From Rear-Admiral MURRAY SUETER, M.P.

SIR,—Your issue of 22nd July contains a most interesting article by Captain Harold Balfour, M.P., on Air Bombing, which is worth the closest study of all those who have this difficult question under review. His views are valuable as they are based on personal experience of "bombing" and "being bombed." In addition, Captain Balfour makes a close study in peace time of all matters connected with air development. "To Bomb" or "Not to Bomb" is a vital matter from an Imperial standpoint, and all responsible opinions should be freely ventilated to enable us to arrive at a satisfactory solution of this controversy.

The value of air-bombing for police duties in controlling such areas as Iraq, Aden, the Abyssinian frontiers and assisting in control as shown recently in the operations on the borders of the N.W. provinces of Sudan is indisputable. It is found from practical experience that prompt action of an air police soon produces the desired effect of submission.

But apart from the retention of air-bombing for police purposes on our Empire frontiers, there is the important question of whether air bombing can assist in maintaining an adequate supply, not only of food for our people, but raw material to keep our factories going in a war that may at any time be forced upon this country.

Should other nations be so stupid as to go to war and we are forced, however unwillingly, to enter a contest to protect our Empire and home interests, we do not want to starve. Gas masks, underground shelters, etc., can help us if we are severely bombed. But there is no escape from starvation if our food ships are cut off.

If our food ships are liable to be attacked by submarines, it is imperative that we should retain air-bombing. If our food ships are liable to be attacked by enemy's air bombers we must maintain a sufficient force of air-fighters to drive them off.

May I suggest, with great respect, to the women who signed the letter to *The Times* to abolish all air-bombing that they are attempting to deprive Great Britain of one of her most valuable defences against submarine attack on her food ships and that as an act of common prudence, after studying the Locarno Treaty with all its implications, to safeguard in the future the food of our children, it is advisable for this country to retain air bombing, as long as France possesses such a preponderance of submarine tonnage?

International agreement should in my judgment be sought in the direction of clearly marking the periphery of open towns that have no armaments, no munition factories and the inhabitants of which are non-combatants, with captive balloons in daytime and a single cordon of searchlights at night.

The nations might then be persuaded to refrain from bombing these open cities in much the same way as they so splendidly abstained from using expanding bullets in the late War.

MURRAY F. SUETER,

(First Captain of "A 1" Submarine).

House of Commons.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### Dr. Edward Bancroft

SIR,—I notice in Mr. Scarborough's review of "Divided Loyalties" by Lewis Einstein that my ancestor, Dr. Edward Bancroft, is described as a master spy in the British service. According to the family legend, he was nothing of the kind. Some, at any rate, of his descendants regarded him as a traitor because he served the American cause, and held him responsible for a fire that broke out in Portsmouth Dockyard. One of them refused to countenance any claim being made by his branch of the family to the large estate which he is said to have left in the United States on the ground that he was a blot on the scutcheon. He purchased a privateer in France for the American Government. She was captured by the British, and he does not appear to have recovered the money he spent on her.

H. WARNER ALLEN.

### For England

SIR,—It is more than disturbing—alarming—to read Earl Jellicoe's speech, giving an account of the condition of our fleet at the present time, brought about by the Mad Sentimental Cranks posing as lovers of peace, knowing as they do that Europe is resting on a volcano and that war might break out at any moment.

Why are the Conservative Party not doing something, with their enormous majority permitting their leader to be a party to this criminal neglect of the Empire's right arm and only protection; are they afraid of the old wheeze that it would be a note of confidence on Mr. Baldwin, who sits in the House like an old possum and says nothing, but always waiting for something to turn up? Is there no leading Conservative who has got the courage and pluck to form a formidable opposition and expose Mr. MacDonald, Henderson, and others, who are the principal culprits for the neglect of the country's right arm and only defence, and who always through their whole political career have done nothing else but try to destroy England's power and foment strikes and play up to, and encourage our greatest enemies (Moscow for example), and setting Germany on her legs to go for us again when she thinks the time propitious?

We have always looked to the Conservative Party to see the country is adequately protected, no matter the cost; but they seem to have lost all patriotism and subsidised into a state of coma, hypnotised by their leader, who has done more harm to the country and Party by his wait and see methods of leading, than any past Conservative leader.

I would suggest that the present Cabinet take a rest cure at Colney Hatch, as they have special methods for treating the brains and at the same time it would be of great benefit to the country generally, for it is nothing but a Cheap Jack marionette show, Mr. MacDonald being their promoting showman pulling the strings.

I think it is time the taxpayer made himself heard and called upon Mr. Baldwin to resign, for those who pay the piper have the right to call the tune.

GEO. R. CLARKSON.

*Divonnes les Bains.*

### Maritime Periods

SIR,—Whatever the future results of Limitation of Strength at Sea, the nature of armaments has changed, so that outlay on Bases may exceed all the savings that have been expected in this way.

A new era at sea may be already in existence with changes in the same proportion as took place when the "Potamic," or River period of the civilisations on the Nile and Euphrates, was superseded by the Inland Sea or "Thalassic" era with the civilisations of Greece and Rome, that eventually led to a single command of the Mediterranean. Sails superseded oars, although the latter were retained on men o' war until the Armada, when fore and aft rig came in with the "Oceanic" or Atlantic era, with dislocation of

trade after all the gold and silver from America led to an "Inflation" which was as little understood as those experienced after the late war.

The single command of the Sea coincided with the introduction of the Single Standard of Gold which at last seems to have had its day, and it now remains to be seen if a single command of the sea will remain possible, although "Sterling" may yet supersede Gold as the Medium of International Exchange.

The new armaments of submarines and aircraft will, however, require many bases, whatever their nominal radius of action.

JOHN BURTON.

### "Sun Bathing"

SIR,—Our attention has been called to this article in your issue of the 19th August. In our opinion, the article itself stamps the mentality of the writer who "crept up the hill" and again "crept round the path," as though worming a way in with a guilty conscience.

And here is our point. It was McGee who felt tense with an air of bravado; it was McGee who tried to feel sure; it was McGee who was strained to the uttermost, who stared frankly, who looked miserable and ashamed, and it was McGee who felt "a silly showing-off fool"! And certainly none of the other people had any such feelings as they were quite accustomed to what was a novelty for poor McGee!

We take reasonable precautions to avoid "offending" the susceptibilities of such people whose minds are unable to differentiate between decent family nudity and the suggestive sensationalism which is unfortunately offered to the public in films, plays, posters, novels, and a section of the press.

N. F. BARFORD,

*Hon. Sec., The Sun Bathing Society.*



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## THEATRE

*Winter Garden Theatre. "Clancarty."*

**I**F you are, as I am, the sort of playgoer who really enjoys the theatre, for whom the theatre in itself still holds a thrill, and an enchantment, then you will very much enjoy "Clancarty" at the Winter Garden Theatre, and I strongly advise you to see it soon in case a too sophisticated public taste should interfere with the long run which it deserves.

It is an adaptation of a play by Tom Taylor and it tells, with some adherence to historical fact, the story of a plot to assassinate William of Orange when he was seated on the Throne of England. There is Lord Clancarty, a fine flower of an Irish gentleman who, being involved in a Jacobite plot, stuck at murder for political motives. So, posing as a Captain Heseltine, he revealed the plot, exacting as his only recompense the shielding of his co-conspirators. After him came one of his co-conspirators also revealing the plot, but exacting as his reward a large money payment and safety for himself at the expense of all his comrades.

An effective theatrical situation. But not so effective or so engaging as the other situation by which Lord Clancarty as Captain Heseltine, made love to his own wife. Of course, they had been married and parted as children. Of course, her abominable father and brother now wanted to rid her of Clancarty and marry her to Lord Woodstock, who himself, poor fool, wanted to marry Lady Betty Noel. So we very soon have Heseltine-Clancarty entering his wife's bedroom (under which he had spent the previous night watching for her shadow in the silent adoration of true romance) by the window and hunted by her brother and the King's soldiery. Here he reveals himself and merges Heseltine the lover and Clancarty the husband. He is of course thrown into gaol and equally of course, in the last scene, Lady Clancarty sees the King and wins his pardon.

All very simple but with the breath of romance which still stirs the unhardened heart. Besides, it lends itself to some charming love ballads, some rousing soldier songs and some humorous duets. The music is tuneful and catchy and the singing, especially by Mr. Dale Smith and Miss Enid Cruickshank more than competent. Besides there is a ballet which is quite excellent.

*Embassy. "Age of Plenty," by Claire and Paul Sifton.*

**I**T is, I think, fortunate that the transplantation of this singularly American and episodic play (if it really is a play), dealing with the entirely American problem of dole-less and uncovenanted unemployment, should have its being in Hampstead, whence Socialism is supposed to derive its intelligentsia. At least the audience looked the part.

This is a meagre, gloomy, boresome "play with a purpose," without one constructive thought, marred by American slang spoken with English accents.

Adam loses his job and can't find another. He loves a girl; they can't marry; they sleep together; she has an illegal operation and loses her job while he is in hospital; he gets a job, meets her, discovers her on the streets, chucks his job and takes her out to join a hopeless revolution.

There are two acts, nine scenes, six interludes, scenery devoid of interest or illusion, and a merciful interval of fifteen minutes. The interludes are terribly "clever." They show the progression of affairs. They all take place silently outside a factory. "Three men wanted"—two—one—none—none—none. Manager—cops—more cops—troops—gas masks and tear bombs—rifle and machine gun fire.

There were moving moments—a love scene, not essentially related to unemployment, and a conventional prayer to God, ending in a challenge and a curse. Mr. Ellis Irving and Miss Jean Sheppard acted remarkably well.

*Apollo Theatre. "The Distaff Side," by John van Druten.*

**T**HE new van Druten play, admirably produced by Miss Auriol Lee, with a gem of careful acting by Sybil Thorndike, will surely be a great success. So it should be, for it is a notable, interesting, even brilliant play.

The extreme cleverness of it is that Mr. van Druten has taken a set of normal characters (chiefly women, obviously), clothed them with life, given them minds and hearts, and made them behave in a perfectly normal way. He has not been afraid to be obvious. He has not said "Here are my characters. Now I will make them do something odd, modern, and unexpected. Now I will show you a brilliant twist to this story." Instead he has let his ends follow his means quite naturally and always sympathetically. So his characters are always alive and his play is never dull. It sounds a simple method. But how few playwrights are capable of using it effectively!

Mrs. Milward, widow, daughter, mother, saint and martyr all in one, dominates the scene. Her daughter Alex, marrying in the end not the man who can give her all she wants but the man whom her real heart loves (and with whom—almost the only concession to so-called modernity—she has slept already), is almost the central figure. Nearly as important is Evie Milward's sister Liz, whose rather curious matrimonial and extra-matrimonial adventures end also in her marriage to the man she loves and with whom she is living. There are other pawns and foils, all real and none dull, and there is the grandmother, selfish and tart tyrant, to lighten the play and give it cohesion.

But the story or stories are the consequence of the characters, and the characters govern, justify and illumine the whole of this dramatic creation. The cast is excellent. Sybil Thorndike has done nothing better, if anything so good, in her quiet manner. Viola Keats (young but brilliant), Martita Hunt, Haidee Wright (typically incisive) and Dora Barton were admirable. And the men, of minor importance in their actions and reactions, were all good portraits, especially Clifford Evans in some difficult scenes. The English stage is looking up just now. G.C.P.



## CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

ONE of the most difficult decisions which the investor has to make during periods of prosperity is to judge when the prosperous period is at an end, and during periods of depression to decide when the trade revival is at hand. At the moment it is fairly generally acknowledged that the tide of depression has turned and that the trade revival is gathering strength subject to the international influences which impose a check on progress from time to time. But the ordinary investor is most concerned with the question of changing from fixed interest securities to variable dividend stocks or ordinaries, also described as "equities." A great many professional operators, trust companies, financial houses and other more speculative interests in the financial "swim" have already had to make this decision, and it would appear that they have done so in favour of "equities," for the latter appear in most cases to be grossly over-valued and the better results which are expected to accrue from the trade revival have been discounted for some time ahead. To take a few cases of favourite and active shares, Courtaulds yield under  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on last year's dividend, though the slight increase in the interim this year promises a rather higher return. Chemicals return only just over 4 per cent. on last year's I.C.I. dividend basis, and Associated Cements give little over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Dunlops and Turner & Newall give ridiculously low yields, the present prices being supported solely on future hopes. In the case of other ordinary shares, such as British Celanese or United Molasses, there is not only no return at the moment, but little apparent likelihood of any dividend on the ordinary capital.

### Gilt-Edged v. Industrials

Such examples help the investor to realise the speculative nature of the market for industrial ordinary shares against which the return of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. obtainable on War Loan appears handsome by comparison. At the moment, too, there is little sign of a return to those conditions of dearer money which will eventually, it is presumed, give the big joint-stock banks profitable employment for their funds and lead to continued gradual liquidation of the gilt-edged holdings of these institutions. The ten clearing banks alone have investments approaching £600,000,000, and it should be realised that the banks hold the key to the investment position, for the liquidation of their swollen holdings cannot be accomplished otherwise than at the expense of Trustee securities. In consequence of these difficulties—the over-valuation of industrials and the latent threat to gilt-edged—investors have been driven into other markets many of which were at one time considered too speculative for serious attention. Investors in gold mining shares, as distinct from purely speculative holders, seem likely to obtain a good return on their money for income purposes, but they should remember that the life of their mine is not written down from profits and it is therefore the duty of such investors to make from their income from mining shares a definite allocation

against the expiration of their investment. If this is done, gold mines may still be reckoned good income securities of the speculative type. We have already seen a considerable rise in Home Railway stocks largely as the result of the demand on the part of the public who wish to be interested in securities which will benefit from the trade revival and yet do not wish to enter the market for industrial "equities." Though the traffics of the four Home Railway groups have indicated an immense improvement during recent weeks, the stocks quickly rose to levels which discounted dividend possibilities for some time ahead.

### The Investment Trusts

A means of hedging between "equities" and fixed interest stocks for the investor is provided by the investment trust companies, whose holdings include securities of all classes in varying proportions according to the nature of the company's investment policy. The position of the investment trusts is somewhat anomalous at the moment inasmuch as income in the form of dividends on their holdings is still on the decline, while their capital position, particularly in the case of trusts with large holdings of "equities," shows more and more improvement as the values of industrial ordinaries, foreign bonds and railway stocks rise with the efforts of investors, professional and public, to seek means of capital appreciation. Thus in many cases the interim dividends of the trust companies have been reduced this year while the depreciation on their investment holdings has tended to disappear and in many cases has been extinguished.

Investments in trust ordinary stocks should therefore be regarded rather as a means to securing capital appreciation without gambling than as a means of increasing income in the immediate future. Among the small amounts of Investment Trusts ordinaries on offer are £1,000 of American Trust, which yield nearly 5 per cent. on last year's dividends, but the interim this year has been reduced from 2 to 1 per cent. British Assets Trust 5s. shares at 15s. 9d. yield  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the 15 per cent. paid for last year, but no interim dividend was paid this year. About 1,000 shares are on offer. British Steamship Investment Trust Deferred stock gives a slightly higher return on last year's dividend, £1,000 being on offer at 113 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and some £2,000 of English and New York Trust ordinary is on offer at 46 to return  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the last dividend of 3 per cent., the high yield return giving some indication of the market's view of present dividend possibilities. Friar's Investment Trust £1 shares yield  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on last year's dividends, about £1,000 being on offer at 13s. 3d., while £1,500 of General Consolidated Investment Trust ordinary stock at 81 $\frac{1}{2}$  gives nearly 5 per cent. on last year's 4 per cent. payment. £500 of Investment Trust Corporation Deferred can be obtained at 338 to yield  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and £1,000 of the well-known Merchants Trust's ordinary stock can be bought at 177 to give a return of over 5 per cent. on last year's dividend basis. The interim this year has been reduced to 3 per cent., against 4 per cent., but the stock nevertheless looks attractive in this class.



# FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

*I Was a Spy.* Directed by Victor Saville. Tivoli. I HAVE so often had to write unkind words about the British film industry that it gives me all the more pleasure to be able to praise a British film without reserve. "I Was a Spy," which comes to the Tivoli, is directed by Mr. Victor Saville and has been made under the supervision of Mr. Michael Balcon who, from the early days of the film industry immediately after the war, has always tried to give the public intelligent and sound pictures. Up till now neither Mr. Saville nor Mr. Balcon has quite succeeded in translating their ambitions from the abstract to the concrete, but with the pictorial presentation of the story of Marthe McKenna they have arrived at the goal which they have sought so long.

The film is not an epic in the sense in which "Cameradschaft" or "Cavalcade" is, for Mr. Saville has not, as yet, the interesting and compelling qualities of Mr. Pabst, neither has Mr. Balcon quite the *flair* of Mr. Pommer, but "I Was a Spy" is certainly the best British achievement so far and, if one excludes the really great films, is fit to be included in any representative list under the title of *proxime accessit*.

Most people are probably familiar with the extraordinary history of Marthe McKenna, the Belgian lady who nursed the Germans at Roulers while she acted as a spy for the British. Her humanity and patriotism provide evidence—and some would appear to be needed if one is to judge from the sickly effusions poured out by some writers since the war—of the nobility innate in human nature, and her story, by reason of the sublime truths which it illustrates, is difficult to transfer to the screen without the loss of majesty. So far as Mr. Balcon and Mr. Saville are concerned, there is no fault to be found. Those who knew Roulers will find it again, and the performances of Sir Gerald du Maurier, Eva Moore, Martita Hunt, Edmund Gwenn, Eliot Makeham and May Agate in the smaller parts are well worthy of the setting. Indeed, it is as much the care and attention which has been paid to detail as anything else which makes this an outstanding picture. In the principal rôles, which are played by Madeleine Carroll, Herbert Marshall and Conrad Veidt, there is one magnificent piece of acting, that of Conrad Veidt.

One of the best results which has come from the close co-operation of the Ufa and the British Gaumont companies has been the appearance of Conrad Veidt in the British studios. This actor continues to give one superb performance after another, and the forceful restraint with which he endows the German commandant in this picture is but another example of the grip which characterises all his work. Herbert Marshall has a difficult part; doubtless, Madeleine Carroll and himself in juxtaposition will prove a big box office attraction, but he is not too well cast. Madeleine Carroll gives the best piece of acting she has done so far on the screen, but she does not manage to convey the powerful undercurrents which are swirling about her. In compensation, her handling of certain scenes—notably the seduction sequence—is wholly admirable.

## The Saturday Acrostics

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 51

TWO LIGHTS THAT IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE US GLOW,  
SHEDDING THEIR RADIANCE ON OUR EARTH BELOW.

1. However small, be sure it will go round.
2. This mime or actor's Roman, by the sound.
3. Curtail whom Dian on Mount Latmos found.
4. 'Tis he will save the nation, never doubt it.
5. Core of what has no core, but does without it.
6. For- or against-ness? Neither one nor t'other.
7. Sons of one father, maybe of one mother.
8. Half of loud cry which eager huntsmen utter.
9. Not the worst substitute for good fresh butter.
10. Behead who us and all our works doth carry.
11. He fought for Ned or Dick against some Harry.

### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 50

A	b	o	l	i	t	i	o	n	i	s	t
C	u	t	t	l	e	-	f	i	s	H	
H	e	r	r	i	n	g	-	b	o	n	e
m	I	d	e							W	
L	a	k	s	h	m					I	
L	a	c	u	s	t	r	a			L	
E	s	c	u	r	i	a				L	
S	h	a	m	p	o					O	
W	h	i	f							F	
R	a									J	
A	r	g								O	
T	.	a								V	
										e	
										r	
										u	

<sup>1</sup> "A kind of masonry in which the stones slope in different directions in alternate rows." <sup>2</sup> Gen. ix. 20—Mildew is verp apt to attack vine-leaves and grapes. <sup>3</sup> "The name of the consort of the god Vishnu considered as his female or creative energy." <sup>4</sup> "The hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 'For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'" (*Hamlet*, iii. 2.)

The winner of Acrostic No. 49 (the first correct solution to be opened) is Mr. E. J. Fincham, to whom a book will be sent.

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## Broadcasting Notes

**S**IDE by side with the Big Programme Drive this autumn there is to be increased activity in the Talks Branch. Curiously enough nobody at the B.B.C., in spite of its newly acquired passion for snappy slogans, has thought of referring to it as the Big Talks Bore, but I suppose they must draw the line somewhere. Even Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who is going on a tour in the United States, is officially described as "A Modern Columbus."

As for talks in general, they are still anathema to some, in spite of the fact that they have superseded dance music at the head of the list of appreciative letters. The reason is obvious. The percentage of people who are experts in any given subject and one at the same time good broadcasters is lamentably small. The result has been that a number of talks which in themselves are interesting and informative have been entirely ruined because the speakers were crashing bores. As a consequence the Talks Director has been faced with a difficult problem. Is he to scrap an

interesting talk on Folk Dancing among the Paphlagonians because the recognised authority has a cleft palate or is he to let it go through and hope for the best? To often, I think, the latter plan has been adopted.

There is, however, not the slightest doubt that every effort is being made during the coming season to obviate this difficulty. The speakers chosen are for the most part not only experts at their particular subject, but also possessors of that elusive quality, microphone personality. It is impossible not to be interested by Sir Walford Davies, Commander Stephen King-Hall, G. K. Chesterton, Julian Huxley, S. P. B. Mais or Howard Marshall simply because they do not treat the microphone as a public meeting but as an intimate friend. I defy anyone, whether he be interested in music or not, to switch off in the middle of a talk by Sir Walford Davies.

So long as the Talks Director insists on using broadcasters of this calibre there need be no fear that talks will be dull or uninteresting. They may even cease to be a butt for music hall comedians.

ALAN HOWLAND.

### Public Schools

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**D**ROITWICH SPA. Park Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 38.

**D**ROITWICH SPA. Raven Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 50.

**F**RESHWATER.—Freshwater Bay Hotel, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Telephone 47.

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